MUSCLES & GUNS
DEMONSKIN
5 of 6
$3.95
Suggested for Mature Readers
JORDAN * SPONG * HOARE

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Pencils, Inks, Lettering, & Design,
Jason Jordan
Additional Pencils & Inks
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Cover
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Editor & Additional Narration
Ross Murray

Wrapped in a living exoskeleton Nathaniel Bishop is consumed by a malevolent entity with sinister purposes.

Special Thanks To:

Drew, for getting me to places when I couldn't get there on my own, Ross, for watching what I say, Jeremy, because if I was the Punisher he'd be Micro (now that's funny), Mathew Parsonage, if it wasn't for him I wouldn't have made it (ha, ha), Adam Richards for getting me that house I wanted, Alister for his unreal painting.

DEMONSKIN: 'SKIN ON MY BACK'

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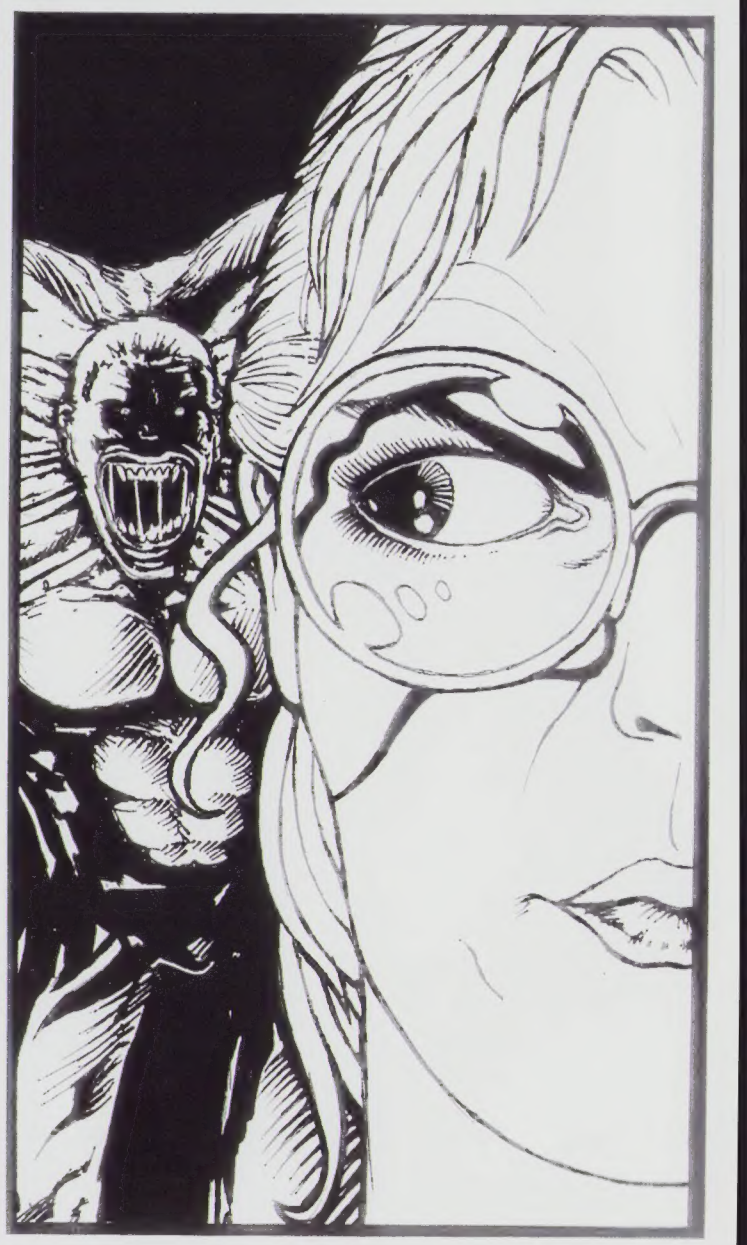
Local and international film Producers note:

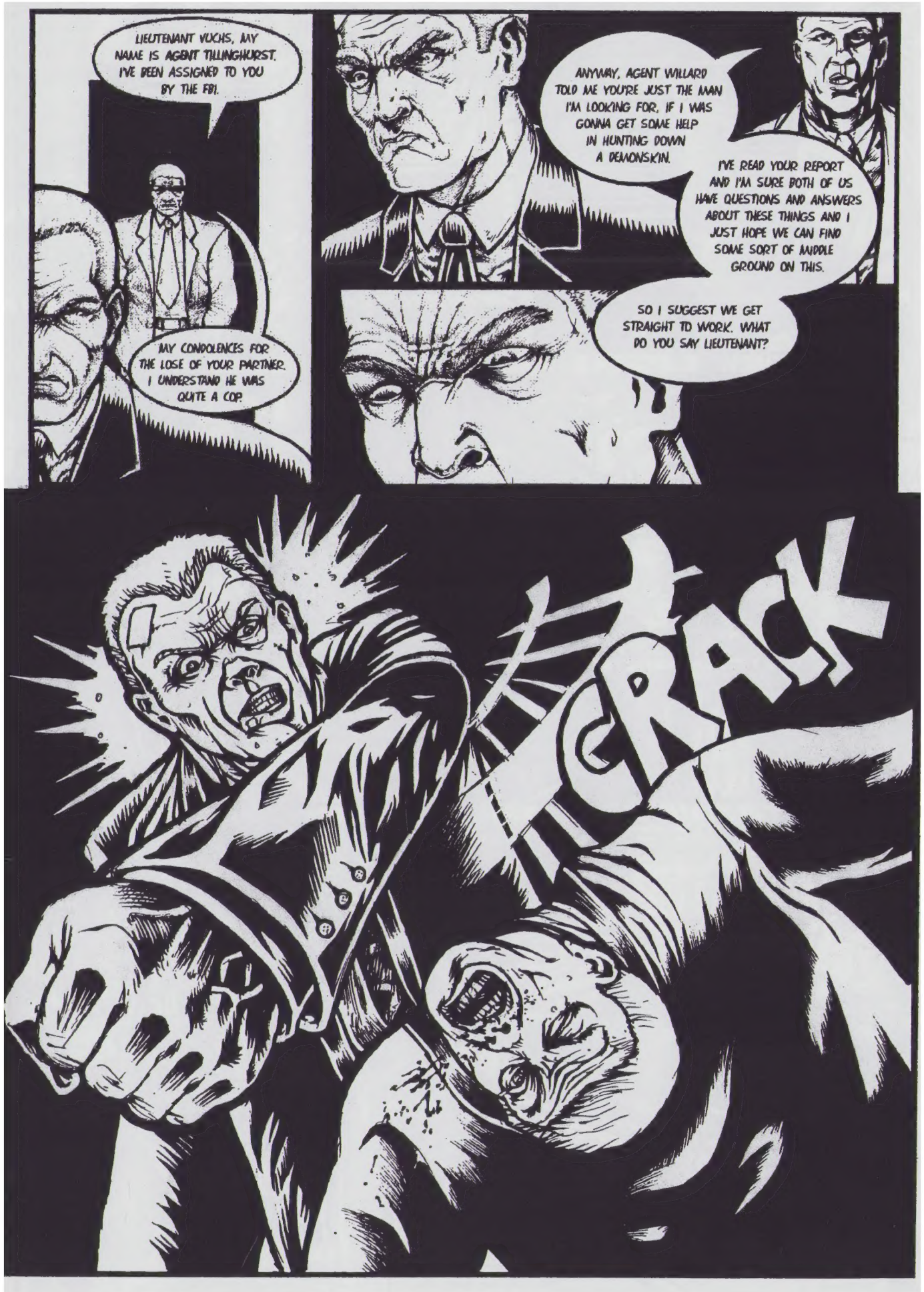
For enquiries about Demonskin feature film proposal contact Muscles & Guns at the above address.

PRINTED IN AUSTRALIA



DEMONSKIN
HOWDY VUCHS.
HOWDY NELSON.
FRESH FROM A STATE HOSPITAL BED, VUCHS RETURNS TO THE 23RD PRECINCT WITH ONE THING ETCHED FIRMLY ON HIS MIND.
TAKING DOWN A DEMONSKIN.
SKIN ON MY BACK

WELCOME BACK YUCHS.
THANKS DALE.
I GUESS I BETTER GO SPEAK TO HIM.
WHAT IS IT MARY?
HOW DID YOU KNOW IT WAS ME?
YOU KIDDING? I KNOW THE PSYCHE DRILL.
I JUST WANT YOU TO KNOW IF YOU WANNA TALK, I'LL BE HERE FOR THE REST OF THE DAY.
I'LL BE OKAY MARY.
MARY.
YES LIEUTENANT.
THANKS FOR STICKING BY ME. THIS PRECINCT IS MY FAMILY. I APPRECIATE IT.
YOU'RE WELCOME.
YOU SURE THAT'S A GOOD IDEA? HE'S PRETTY ANGRY WITH YOU GUYS.
YOU SAID HE WOULD WANT BACK IN.
YEAH, BUT...
WE'LL JUST CHAT. I'LL BE FINE.


LIEUTENANT VUCHS, MY NAME IS AGENT TILLINGHURST. I'VE BEEN ASSIGNED TO YOU BY THE FBI.
MY CONDOLENCES FOR THE LOSE OF YOUR PARTNER. I UNDERSTAND HE WAS QUITE A COP.
ANYWAY, AGENT WILLARD TOLD ME YOU'RE JUST THE MAN I'M LOOKING FOR. IF I WAS GONNA GET SOME HELP IN HUNTING DOWN A DEMONSKIN.
I'VE READ YOUR REPORT AND I'M SURE BOTH OF US HAVE QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ABOUT THESE THINGS AND I JUST HOPE WE CAN FIND SOME SORT OF MIDDLE GROUND ON THIS.
SO I SUGGEST WE GET STRAIGHT TO WORK. WHAT DO YOU SAY LIEUTENANT?
CRACK

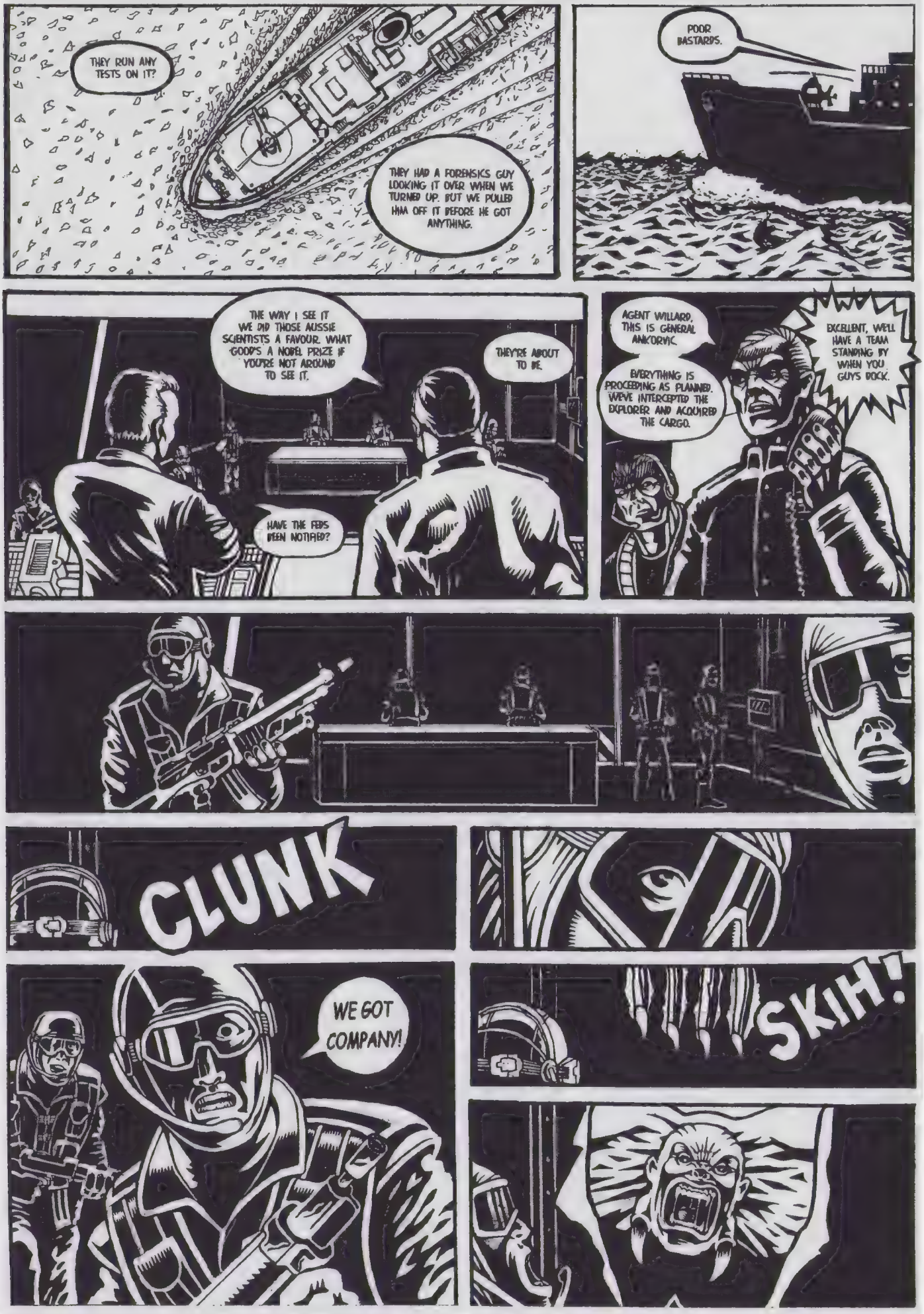
NOT AGAIN!
YEAH!
GOOD ONE VUCHS.
WISH I'D A DONE THAT.
YOU GUYS CUT OFF ALL OUR INFORMATION AND BOOT US OFF THE CASE WITHOUT ANY SORT OF EXPLANATION, JERK US AROUND UNTIL DOOMSDAY, THEN DECIDE AFTER WE LOSE NEARLY A THIRD OF OUR DIVISION TO WORK WITH US.
WELL I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU FBI MAGGOTS. YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE AND INSTEAD YOU FED US LIES AND KILLED MY PARTNER. SO I'LL BE DAMNED IF I'LL BE WORKING WITH YOU ARSEHOLES NOW!
WOOOSH

YOU WANNA PLAY HARD BALL THAT'S FINE WITH ME.
YOU THINK YOU'RE THE ONLY SUCKER THAT'S BEEN AFFECTED BY THIS? WELL LET ME GIVE YOU A BIT OF AN UPDATE LIEUTENANT, OFF THE RECORD.
LISTENING?
WE LOST A DOZEN MEN, INCLUDING MY PARTNER WHEN ONE OF 'EM HIT HEADQUARTERS LAST WEEK. THE MILITARY HAVE LOST OVER TWO HUNDRED FIGHTING PERSONNEL SINCE THESE THINGS SHOWED UP. EACH DAY THE DEATH TOLL MOUNTS AND THEY JUST KEEP SLIPPING THROUGH OUR FINGERS. THE CITY'S GOING CRAZY.
I'M NOT HERE TO WATCH YOUR ARSE. I'M HERE TO HELP. SO IF YOU WANT BACK IN JUST SAY SO. IF NOT, I MIGHT AS WELL SQUEEZE.
WHAT DO YOU PROPOSE?
THERE'S TWO IN THERE FOR YOU MARY.
THEY'RE DEFINITELY USING THE SEWERS AND STORM DRAINS TO MOVE AROUND AND THEY ALMOST ALWAYS RESTRICT THEMSELVES TO NIGHTTIME CONFRONTATIONS.
THIS IS THE LAYOUT OF THE OLD SEWER SYSTEM UNDER MANHATTAN.
NO ONE HAS A COPY OF THIS MAP EXCEPT ME. THE FBI COPIES GOT STOLEN WHEN IT HIT, BUT I MANAGED TO OBTAIN THIS COPY FROM THE ARCHITECTS ESTATE IN CLEVELAND.
AS YOU CAN SEE THESE PLANS DIFFER SOMEWHAT FROM THE COPIES YOU'VE SEEN FLOATING AROUND.
THERE'S A FEW LARGE TUNNELS NO LONGER IN USE LOCATED UNDER THE OLD SLAUGHTERHOUSE DISTRICT ABOUT HERE.
TO DATE THESE AREAS HAVE NOT BEEN OFFICIALLY SEARCHED.
N
WELL WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? LETS GO FOR A RIDE.

CLAYMORE'S HOME, 6.32PM.
OKAY MISTER 'I STILL HAVE CELLULAR ACTIVITY', LET'S SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH SOME OF MY BLOOD.
THIS IS UNBELIEVABLE. EVEN ITS BLOOD SEEKS A DEPENDANT ANTIBODY.
ONCE FUSED IT ENHANCES EVERYTHING...
... AND ADDS A BUNCH OF STUFF I CAN'T IDENTIFY.
VUCHS IS GOING TO WANT A LOOK AT THIS.

FUSION COMPLETE

VUKHS, IS THAT YOU?
YOU'VE GOTTA BE KIDDING ME!

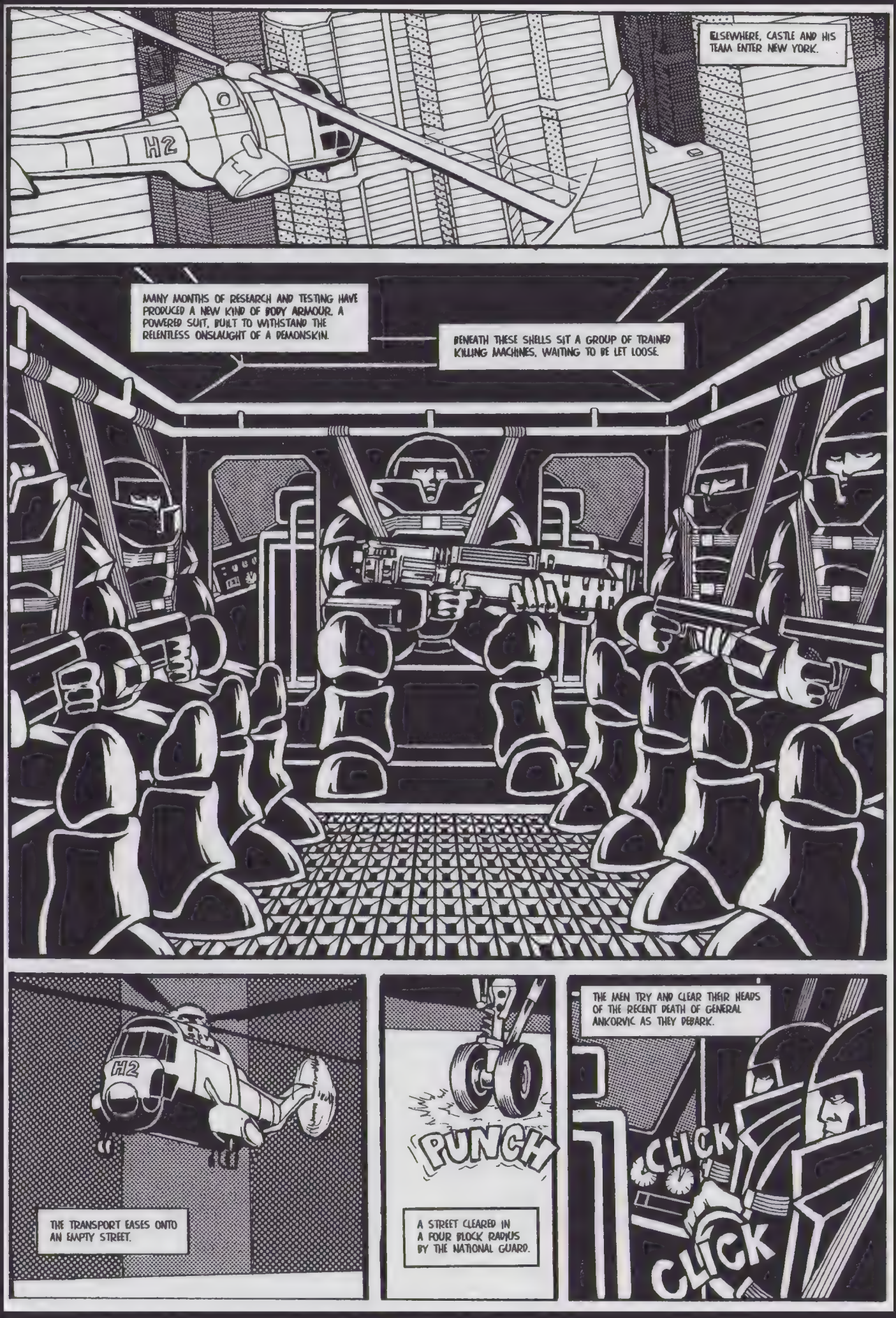

THEY RUN ANY TESTS ON IT?
THEY HAD A FORENSICS GUY LOOKING IT OVER WHEN WE TURNED UP. BUT WE PULLED HIM OFF IT BEFORE HE GOT ANYTHING.
POOR BASTARDS.
THE WAY I SEE IT WE DID THOSE AUSSIE SCIENTISTS A FAVOUR. WHAT GOOD'S A NOBEL PRIZE IF YOU'RE NOT AROUND TO SEE IT.
THEY'RE ABOUT TO BE.
HAVE THE FEDS BEEN NOTIFIED?
AGENT WILLARD, THIS IS GENERAL ANKORVIC.
EVERYTHING IS PROCEEDING AS PLANNED. WE'VE INTERCEPTED THE EXPLORER AND ACQUIRED THE CARGO.
EXCELLENT, WE'LL HAVE A TEAM STANDING BY WHEN YOU GUYS DOCK.
CLUNK
WE GOT COMPANY!
SKIH!

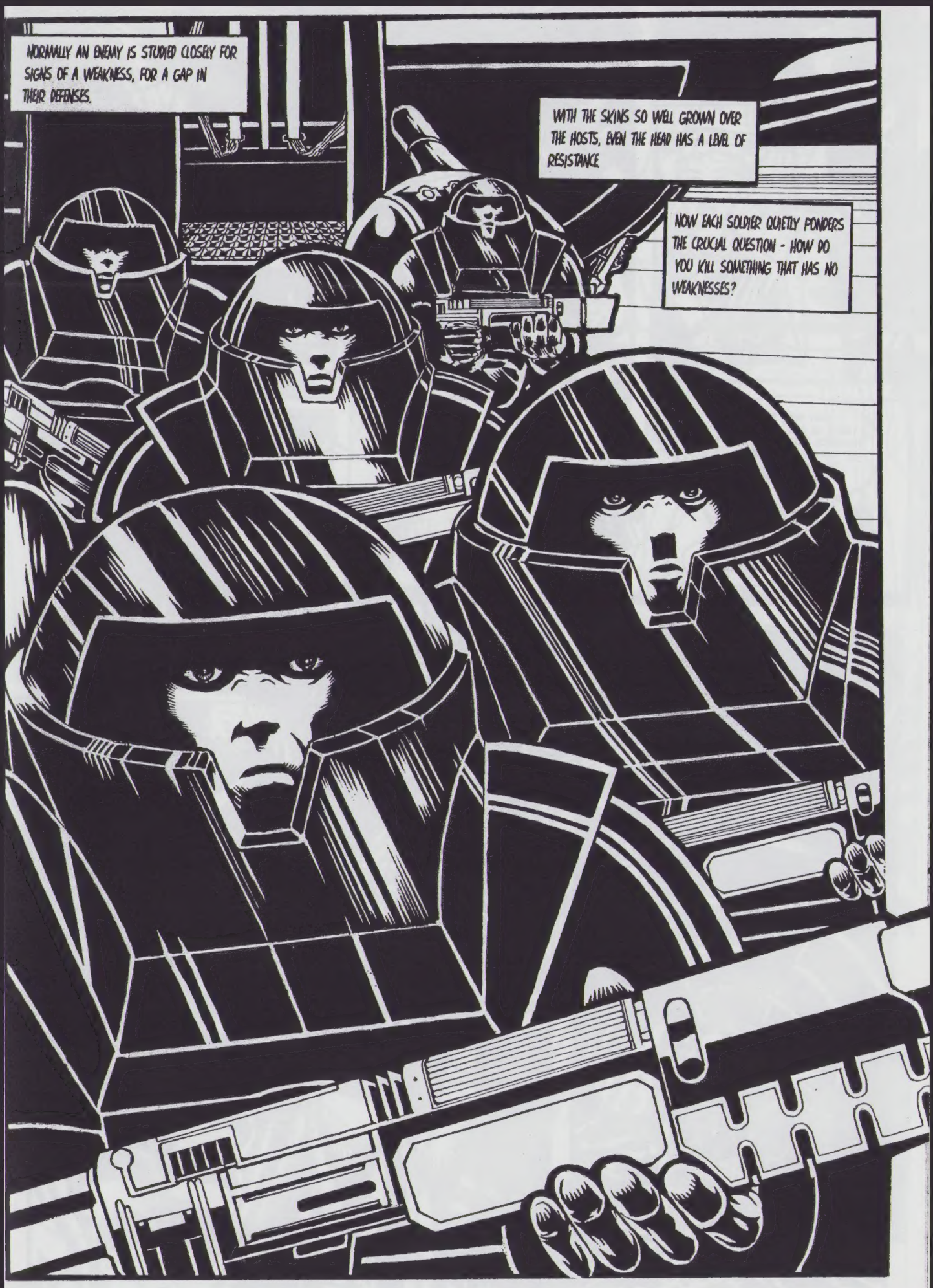
REEEEE

GENERAL? COME IN GENERAL?
MY GOD.
WHAT THE HELL ARE THEY?
THAT'S IT. WE'RE ALL DEAD.
DEMONS FROM HELL
GENERAL?
BOOM
SHIT!
HERE THEY COME!!
KABOOM KABOOM
GENERAL, WHAT THE HELL IS HAPPENING OUT THERE!?

WHEN THE CARNAGE IS OVER, A PRIZE AWAITS THE VICTORS.
A FOURTH DEMONSKIN UNCOVERED BY MEN, BUT NOW IN THE HANDS OF ITS RIGHTFUL OWNERS.

WHERE WE GOING?
TO SEE PROFESSOR CLAYMORE.
WHO?
SOMEONE WHO MAY BE ABLE TO HELP US KNOW MORE ABOUT WHAT WE'RE DEALING WITH.
CHRIST, NO, NOT HER TOO!
SHIT!
SHIT!
SHIT!
SHIT!
CLAYMORE.
WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED?
VUCHS!
SEARCH THE REST OF THE PLACE, NOW!!
CLAYMORE, PLEASE DON'T BE DEAD.


H2
ELSEWHERE, CASTLE AND HIS TEAM ENTER NEW YORK.
MANY MONTHS OF RESEARCH AND TESTING HAVE PRODUCED A NEW KIND OF BODY ARMOUR. A POWERED SUIT, BUILT TO WITHSTAND THE RELENTLESS ONSLAUGHT OF A DEMONSKIN.
BENEATH THESE SHELLS SIT A GROUP OF TRAINED KILLING MACHINES, WAITING TO BE LET LOOSE.
H2
THE TRANSPORT EASES ONTO AN EMPTY STREET.
PUNCH
A STREET CLEARED IN A FOUR BLOCK RADIUS BY THE NATIONAL GUARD.
THE MEN TRY AND CLEAR THEIR HEADS OF THE RECENT DEATH OF GENERAL ANKORVIC AS THEY DEBARK.
CLICK
CLICK


NORMALLY AN ENEMY IS STUDIED CLOSELY FOR SIGNS OF A WEAKNESS, FOR A GAP IN THEIR DEFENSES.
WITH THE SKINS SO WELL GROWN OVER THE HOSTS, EVEN THE HEAD HAS A LEVEL OF RESISTANCE.
NOW EACH SOLDIER QUIETLY PONDERS THE CRUCIAL QUESTION - HOW DO YOU KILL SOMETHING THAT HAS NO WEAKNESSES?

WHY?
FIRST CAMPBELL, NOW...
ARE THEY PLAYING WITH ME?
WHY WOULD IT GO AFTER HER?
SHE'S JUST A HEALTHY LOOKING SCIENTIST.
SO WAS NATHANIEL
SHE AIN'T HERE PAL
LET'S GO.
VUCHS, TALK TO ME GOD DAMN IT.
THAT WAS THE ABODE OF OUR HEAD OF FORENSICS. YOU KNOW, THE ONE YOU GUYS CUT FROM THE URBAN GIANT INVESTIGATION.
SHE KNOWS MORE ABOUT THESE THINGS THAN SHE EVER LET ON.
I ONLY HOPE SHE'S STILL ALIVE.
OKAY, CALM DOWN.
WHERE TO NOW?
WHERE DO YOU THINK?

EEYAAH!
GOD, NO!!

MUSCLES & GUNS

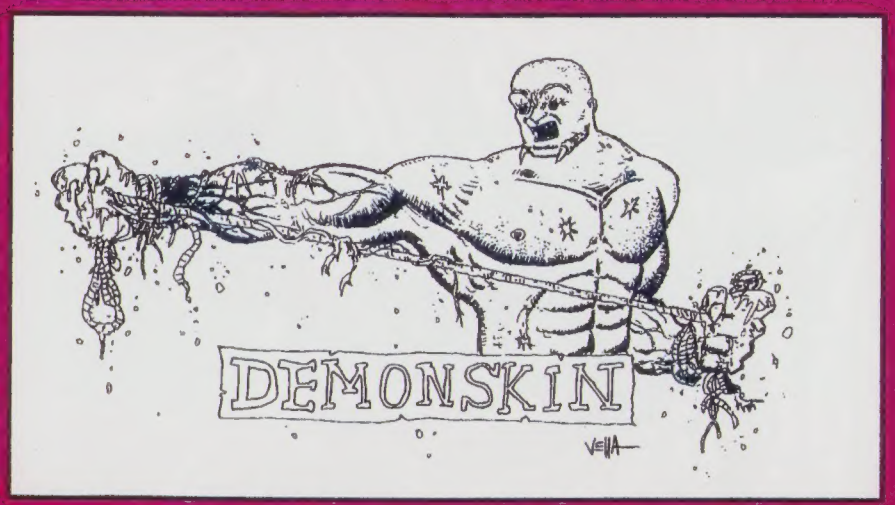
Demonskin - It was just an excuse to draw lots of muscular characters and big guns. But now it would seem that the means has spawned a level of credibility and developed into a kind of fictional modern day mythology.

I was always feeding myself on a steady diet of H.P. Lovecraft in high school whilst drenching myself with music from a few bands that glorified his work. I remember thinking the initial reason I got into all these bands was due to the Lovecraft link. So looking back it shouldn't come as much of a surprise to find that I have for the most part unconsciously created a world populated with my own horrors.

Now times have definitely changed and finding the truth has become more than a pass time. In this pursuit I have been as objective as anyone could possibly be and now I sit with a calm knowledge as I watch the enemy take up enough rope to hang itself. Now I can honestly say to you that there are no Ghosts, there are no Aliens, there are only Demons and Mankind.

Jason Jordan 29/1/98

Demonskin #4, title page.



Courtesy of Mr. Ryan Vella

Courtesy of Ben $2.00's Killorn